

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Couper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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HENRY SALTONSTALL, Treasurer.
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[For Our Dumb Animals.]

DOGS.

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."

The devotion of dogs to their owners is something astonishing, when we consider that they are supposed to be endowed with "instinct" only. One almost believes they must have *souls*, so faithful and warm are their attachments to human beings—creatures having so very little sympathy with them in either their pleasures or troubles.

I knew of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, who was greatly petted by his mistress, and became so attached to her, that it was with difficulty she could go out of his sight. He was so watchful and careful of her that sometimes he would defend her when in reality there was no need of defence. On one occasion, when he was lying before the fire, his master and mistress were standing by it, talking, quite unaware that Bruno was watching them. In the course of the conversation, his master playfully seized his wife by the arm; hardly had he touched her, when Bruno sprang at him and seized him by the collar, and it was some minutes before he could be made to loosen his hold. Long afterward, he would watch the two when together, and would growl if he saw anything like the above liberty taken with his mistress.

Bruno slept downstairs; but his master having left home for several days, he took up a position every night on the rug outside his mistress's chamber, and did not leave it—except by day—until the

night of his master's return, when he went back to his usual quarters.

One of the most striking characteristics of the Newfoundland dog is a care over persons in the water. So it was with Bruno; whenever his mistress bathed in the sea, her faithful pet was ever at her side, and when the great waves came, he would seize her dress in his teeth and not let go until the breaker had quite passed by,—and so with each successive wave. Many years after poor Bruno's death, his mistress was looking at her bathing-dress, and found it perforated with holes made by his teeth.

There is no animal with nobler traits than the Newfoundland dog,—and, at this time, when so much is being done for the welfare of the "Dumb Animals," it is very pleasant to think how worthy they are of our care and protection; and in a special manner this race of dogs, who have rescued so many of our fellow beings from terrible deaths.

A. M. C.

MR. EDITOR:—The above panegyric upon canines was written by a young lady—a relative of mine—who is interested for the "Dumb Animals"—both the living creatures and your paper. Perhaps her contribution may prove acceptable.

It is a good thing for young people to write for such a publication. They may thus influence others, and, reciprocally, themselves, aright. The incident my young friend narrates of the care taken of the lady while bathing, is paralleled, and perhaps outdone, by what happened to a lady of my own family, under similar circumstances. Whilst bathing, alone, in the sea, a large and powerful Newfoundland dog came down to the beach, and, sitting down, intently watched her. After a time, his dogship decided that she was venturing out too far,—and, indeed, she afterwards admitted the fact—so, dashing into the water, he went to her and laid hold of her arm, gently, but with sufficient force, and drew her toward shore. In fact, he insisted upon her coming out of the water, and would not let go his hold, although the lady tried to escape him. It was as much as to say, "In the first place, you ought not to be bathing here, alone; and, moreover, you are evidently imprudent, and must be taken care of. I should be wanting in my sense of duty, to allow you to stay in the water any longer." I think that dog should have been properly decorated, and have always reproached myself for not sending him a medal.

While still discoursing of dogs, I came across the following scrap, which is good enough to reproduce

in your columns. It was cut out of a late "Transcript," by the lady whom the dog would not allow to bathe.

W. W. M.

Boston, Sept. 26, 1872.

During the late heated term, an object was to be daily met upon the fashionable promenade at Lyons, in France, which attracted considerable attention. This was a noble dog accompanying his master, and, like him, provided with his own umbrella, to keep off the rays of the burning sun. The end of the umbrella-stick was attached to a little sort of plate which the dog carried in his mouth, and by means of which he so skillfully adapted the umbrella to the necessary angle for shading himself, that passers-by had to stop and watch the performance of the intelligent animal.

OWN HIM AND LOVE HIM.—"There are ten million dogs in the United States," says an exchange, with an air of injured innocence. Perhaps the writer of that plaint never owned a dog; perhaps it was somebody else's dog that bit him; perhaps a valuable portion of his apparel was rent from him at the garden gate by an indiscriminating dog owned by his sweetheart's "pa;" perhaps it was his neighbor's dog that kept too keen a vigil over the master's orchard or water-melon patch in boyhood's days, and thus sowed the germ of his deep-rooted prejudice. Come, now, this howl against the dog is ungenerous. You have only to own one in order to love him. There are bad ones, of course; but the proportion of vicious dogs is so small as to put our own race to the blush. Make an estimate, if you dare.—*Chelsea Public.*

A GOOD SIGN.—The appearance in the New England Fair, at Lowell, of a department devoted to the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," is one of the good signs of the times. Here were to be seen, among other things, contrivances for the amelioration of the condition of the toiling horse, including patent bits and bridles, also hoods or bonnets for those hot days in July, when the mercury makes itself at home among the nineties, with shoes for the sore-footed beast, etc., etc., all going to prove that the faithful horse, abused and dumb, has some friends left, in whose hearts yet linger the elements of the merciful and the humane. The Society well improved the opportunity offered, to scatter documents and essays setting forth its objects, and the crowd about this table was another cheering sign of these degenerate times.—*Clinton Courant.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Dr. Whittaker examines closely into the question as to whether hydrophobia can be generated in the human body without any outside communication; and he stated, that he was supported by the most eminent of recent authorities in declaring that many cases of hydrophobia are not due to infection by contact and absorption of a specific virus. Rather were these cases the result of mere emotion. "They are due to mental anxiety, grief or terror, associated with, or acting upon a morbid fancy. For, on the one hand, fatal cases have occurred in a man, *without the bite of an animal at all*; the mere belief that a bite has been received from a rabid animal has sufficed to induce violent hydrophobia; while, on the other hand, the bites of dogs reputedly mad have been frequently followed by no symptoms whatever. Trosseau mentions having met with a number of cases *simulating* this disease, but really arising from *mental impressions*." The body and mind are in close sympathy, and a disordered imagination can throw the whole system into convulsions. If we admit that hydrophobia is a form of hysteria, we furnish at once an explanation of the wonderful curative properties of the "mad stone." The same power of imagination which convulses the body can abate the malady; the only thing requisite is implicit faith in the "mad stone." Unquestionably, there are cases of disease arising from the communication and absorption of a specific virus; but, then, hydrophobia is not such a common malady as country prophets would have us believe; at least, it is common only in a disordered imagination. Blanche and Tray have much to answer for, especially in the sheep-killing line, so we can afford to be just to them on this question of rabies. We have less to fear from them in the way of hydrophobia, than we have to fear from the mildest type of disease. The percentage of those who die of it is small.

THE HORSE PUNISHED HIS MASTER.

A carrier, named R—, at no time tender in his treatment of his four-footed servants, returned one night in a state of semi-intoxication from Mormant to Givros. The man's natural barbarity was at this time aggravated by the drink he had taken, and, being dissatisfied with the efforts of one of the horses—a poor hack which had almost served its time—he decided that the animal was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and, taking a massive lever, used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head, until the unfortunate creature sank to the ground insensible.

The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day.

The horse, however, recovered his senses a short time after, made his way home, and entered the yard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced again to shower blows on its head.

This act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stable; and at length, one of them, a young animal, became so frantic with rage, that it broke its halter, and, rushing on the man, seized him in its jaws, and, after shaking him violently, threw him down, and trampled on him with such fury that, had not the man's cries brought some persons to his aid, the master would certainly have been killed.—*French Paper.*

THE New York "Mail" tells the following nice little dog story: "An apothecary, in Somerville, Mass., has a Scotch terrier which had the singular fortune, good or bad, to be brought up in a family of kittens, and he retains such an affection for his early playmates that he seizes every kitten he can find and tenderly carries it home. As they are generally claimed or sent back, he is engaged in a continued effort to accumulate a family of kittens, to make his home happy."

ZEAL without knowledge is fire without light.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

THE STRAY DEER.

[Suggested by a paragraph in the Castine (Me.) "Gazette," describing the killing of a deer by some boatmen who discovered him swimming across a pond.]

Waif from the wild-wood!
Strayed from thy kind,
Rest and refreshment
No more to find!

Vainly thou leapest
Fence, hedge and wall,
Springing so lightly,
Fearing no fall.

Gliding through mowings,
Where the tall grass,—
Buttercups—daisies,
Give thee free pass.

Fain would they shelter,
Springing behind—
Hiding thy fleet steps,
Light as the wind.

On, and still onward!
Men on thy track!
Fleetly—more fleetly—
Not a glance back!

Swift o'er the pebbles—
The white, shining sand—
Here flows the river,
Here ends the land.

Brief is the doubting
Which way to flee,—
There are the woodlands—
Yonder, the sea.

Softly the ripples
Cover his flight;
Gray, trailing sea-fogs
Hide him from sight.

Ah! but that dashing
Smiting his ear,
Is not the billows—
Rowers are near!

Nearer and nearer!
(O, but to live!)
Six stalwart oarsmen—
One fugitive.

Nearer and nearer!
One dripping oar
Falls,—and the wild deer
Struggles no more.

Bring ye your trophy
Back to the shore;—
Fling down the drenched thing,
Streaming with gore!

Thirsty and weary,
Hungry and sore,
Loathsome and useless,
Now all is o'er.

Call ye it "pleasure"
Thus to destroy?
MERCY would grant ye
Far nobler joy.

Waif from the wild-wood!
Hapless astray!
Would thou wert roaming
The forest to-day!

HE RUBBED IT GOOD.

* * * When I came up from dinner, behold another bright-painted wagon. "Aha," I said to myself, "more handsome horses." But no. This time it was but one horse, and he wasn't handsome. His ears were too long, and his neck, and his backbone; in fact, he was too long every way. However, as I wouldn't hurt the feelings of a horse on any account, I will add that he seemed a well-fed animal, not at all in low spirits, and I have no doubt, from what I afterwards saw, that he is a horse of the most estimable character.

The load was marble, some half dozen pieces, or more, and while the driver was waiting, I noticed him. He was a big giant of a man, as big as Great-heart in Bunyan, and if he had been dressed out in helmet, and coat of mail, would have looked something like Christiana's captain. He must have been six feet in his boots, I am sure, and broad, so broad and strong that I've no doubt he could pick me up in his right hand, and another like me, in his left, and trot off to the top of the State House with us, and make nothing of it. While I was thinking this, they were making ready to unload the marble. My big driver got down from his high perch, cleared away three or four billets of wood, as though he were going to back round. And then what? Snatched up the reins, and screamed "git!" and swore a little, and jerked a great deal, until his poor beast didn't know what was expected of him? Not a bit of it! I own that was what I anticipated, and I feel now as though I ought to go down and ask that man's pardon for it.

No; this is what he did,—my big, burly, dusty giant. He stepped very quietly up to the horse's head, took the bridle as gently as though it had been a baby's finger, in his hand, turned the wheel a little, backed half way round, then cramped the wheel again, then backed square round against the sidewalk, all right. It was done neatly, exactly, and without a loud word. And then—this is it, now, while the men stood ready to take hold, while I watched through my blinds, before he walked away the big fellow took the horse's bony nose in his two hands and rubbed it, then put out one hand and patted his long neck, then once more rubbed the creature's nose,—"*rubbed it good*," as you say, and then went about his work.

The horse looked at him—and so did I. And, reader, let me tell you, that rough giant of a teamster, in his dusty old clothes, became charming to me from that instant. A man who would do that must have a kind heart. He must be gentle to his wife, good to his children (I hope he has both). I know some one will be glad to see him come home to-night. I know the house dog hears his step, and wags his tail, and the cat, instead of skulking against the wall and scudding out of sight, comes near and rounds her back and purrs. I looked at the driver, and I looked at the horse, and I said to myself, "Burly and dusty, and rough as you are, I would bow lower to you to-day than to many a king upon his throne."—*Julia A. Eastman, in Congregationalist.*

INSTINCT OF TURTLES.—Audubon, the naturalist, stated, that at certain places on the coast of Florida, sea turtles—those huge, stolid-looking reptiles on which aldermen are fed, at the expense of tax-payers—possess an extraordinary faculty of finding places. Working their way up out of reach of tide-water, with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated, in which a batch of eggs is deposited, and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they not unfrequently swim three hundred miles out at sea, foraging for appropriate food. When another batch of eggs are developed, after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly, in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before! They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays, will break the shell, and are promptly at the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out of the hole, the mother turtle leads them down the bank to the waves, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

THE boughs that bear most hang lowest.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

He will, though such dogs are rare, run over the back of a flock to head them in a lane, jump the hedge to present his grim features at a gap ahead, or drive them as his master walks in front. He will keep them from a defined piece of pasture, or as his master sets the evening fold, confine them to the old boundary. These last are the ordinary duties of the sheep dog; the first may be looked upon as an exceptional refinement, which would raise a dog five shillings or so in the estimation of his master; but now and then he gives proofs of devotion and intelligence far surpassing the bounds of instinct. I remember a case in point. The dog belonged to a shepherd whom all our large agriculturists coveted, but could never keep after his year's services had expired because of his drunken habits, or rather his fits of drunkenness. No man's sheep thrive so well; no one reared so many lambs, or, in a general way, was more devoted to his flock. He had that natural gift of attracting animals to him, and attaching them to him also, which can neither be imparted nor acquired, and his dogs were the best for miles around. At last, having lost the confidence of the leading farmers, he might have got a place with some little two or three hundred acre farmer, but such preference he despised; so he turned drover, and he and his dog, *Quick*, a blue grizzle, bought as a puppy, at Salisbury market, for a pint of beer and the promise of a shilling, as he informed me, set off together. One autumn evening he was leaving Weyhill fair with a flock of something like three hundred sheep, and walking for some point about twenty-five miles to the west, when it came on to blow just as the sun was going down, and before they had got seven miles on the road he was wet through, and it was nearly dark. "I couldn't see the flock, but as I walked in front, I could hear *Quick* bark now and then," he told me, "and I warrant they were all right, and just on the left hand was a little public house. 'I thought'—I give his own words—"there could be no harm in having a glass of beer," (one glass in the vernacular means one gallon.) "I suppose," he continued, "that I must have tied the dog to the sign-post, but I don't remember it, and stayed about an hour," (this is the vernacular for three hours at least,) "and I found from the landlord that I could turn in the sheep for the night, and get a shake-down myself. It was raining worse than ever when I came out, and the first thing I saw was the old dog. Well, that put me out of temper, for I thought he had let the sheep run back, as they will; so I sung out to him to go after them, and turned in to have another glass till he came back. I came out in a quarter of an hour, and there he was wagging his stump of a tail, and not gone. I thought as I sat in the chimney-corner, I heard him bark, and I made no more to do, but threw the crook at him, as I generally did, and, bad luck, broke his fore-leg. When the poor thing began to cry out, the landlord began to abuse me; and when they brought the light, there were the sheep all lying under the hedge, as quiet as could be. They declared I shouldn't go on, nor the dog either; but I did, and old *Quick* hopped after me. I don't remember nothing else but trying to find the field to put the sheep in; but just before the light broke I was awake by the policeman throwing his bull's-eye on me. He told me he heard the dog barking, and that when he came within fifty yards there was the dog lying on my breast, calling for help like a Christian. I was sober then, and I made two rough splints and a bandage, and did *Quick's* leg up in a rough way; and I've never struck a dog since, nor drank anything either, and I never will, and I've bought two cottages out of my savings." "What became of the old dog?" "Oh, I kept him till he died, though for six months he was stone-blind. That's his grandson by the fold, keeping my sheep off the young clover."

AMONG the patented contrivances for stopping run-away horses, one consists of a pair of nose-stoppers attached to a bit, and which are closed over the nasal openings of the animal by means of a cord, which the driver pulls if the horse attempts to run. Another consists of a pair of blinders, by which the driver, on pulling a cord, instantly blindfolds the pony.

THE SINGING CURE.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work—when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O, that we might sing, evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through.

As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man who was apparently the tender of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all over. He had worked the entire day, and had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid to work. He was walking on with a light step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him and said,—

"Have you worked all day?"

"Of course I have," he would have said.

"Are you singing?"

"Of course I am."

"Then take these flowers home and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

O, that we could put songs under our burdens. O, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song. Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. They sing in heaven; and among God's people upon earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

GOVERNMENT AMONG ANIMALS.

A regularly constituted form of government, elementary as it may appear, exists among very many families of animals and insects. Reptiles are usually solitary, exhibiting neither affection nor social feelings. A blind buffalo on a Western prairie has been known to act as an absolute sovereign over a vast herd, controlling their movements as seemed to suit his own views of what was best for the common good. Horses, too, in their wild state, wherever found, invariably obey the behests of a powerful stallion, who parades his forces, forms lines of defence, or suddenly gives orders for a stampede, as circumstances require.

Dogs, left to themselves, establish an oligarchy, whether in Asia, Africa, or any other continent. The supreme authority is invested in certain individuals, managing a prescribed territory, and woe to those trespassing upon their domain! On concerted occasions they all act together like wolves for the accomplishment of a grand design. Wolves separate as soon as they have accomplished their design, but, unlike dogs, seem not to recognize a particular leader on their foraging expeditions.

Grain-eating birds form associations. Wild geese have an admirably organized system of government. Migrating feathered races associate in autumn for common safety in their annual flights; but carnivorous birds, as hawks, eagles, etc., are unsocial and selfish. Domestic fowls divide into families, at the head of which is a vigilant cock that watches his charge with argus eyes. Ants, honey-bees and wasps form regular sovereignties.

THE violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

It is madness to make fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.

THE MUSIC OF THE THRUSH.

The thrush is scarcely surpassed by any other bird excepting the nightingale, and pours forth his full wealth of song in every varied form, upheaving his parded breast, and looking out upon the still landscape with bright restless eyes. We hear him singing in the early morning before the round sun has scaled the hill-tops: he keeps up his roll of music throughout the day, and closes at night without any apparent fatigue; there is no diminution of sound, no feebleness; he seems more like a good instrument, which, after being played upon for hours, sends forth a sweeter sound: he is no weak traveller, who, having gone a long day's journey, drags wearily up the last hill at sunset.

You cannot fail to distinguish his voice from among every warbler of the woods; not that his notes are always alike, but there is some regular modulation, or natural sweetness, which however varied, "still does his touch the strain prolong"; and you know it is his own, and could not be deceived even if he had hidden himself in the carcase of the owl.

I recollect well, that nearly one of the first birds I reared, when a country boy, was a thrush: he was the pride and delight of the whole neighborhood; even the neighbors forgave his breaking their slumber so early in the morning, for the sweetness of his song. An old fisherman who arose with the break of day, and who resided in the adjoining house, made the opening of his music a clock to get up by; and he never was deceived in the time but once, and that was one really beautiful moonlight morning, which streamed in brilliant beams through the opening in the window-shutters, and lured the lovely bird into the belief that it was day.—*English Country Life*.

THE SAGACITY OF ANIMALS.

I once read an anecdote of a horse whose master was accidentally injured a long way from home; this horse returned to the house, and neighed so loudly that it brought the family to the door when they saw he was alone. The son mounted him and rode back, when the horse carried him to where his injured master lay on the ground. Had it not been for this faithful animal's sagacity, the man would have perished.

A friend of mine once was coming home from a distant town in the night and lost his way; after trying to find it, he laid the reins on his horse's neck and said, "Go home, Fannie." She turned into another road unknown to him and the gentleman was soon at his own door.

An elephant remembers the slightest favor or injury. I suppose you have all heard the story of the tailor who gave an elephant a cabbage or some such thing every day; but once he pricked him with his needle. The menagerie to which he was attached moved away from the town that day; but some months after, returned that way, long after the tailor had forgotten the affair. Not so the elephant. He showed his fine memory by going to a pool of dirty water and filling his trunk with the liquid and squirting it all over the tailor who sat sewing at his bench.

Once an artillery train was going over a river in India, and a man fell off. In another second the wheel would have gone over his body; when an elephant which was walking by his side instantly, without any one telling him, lifted the wheel from the ground and the fallen man was unhurt. Did not that show sagacity?—*Young Folks' Rural*.

SAND.—If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies! but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes*.

HE has hard work who has nothing to do.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, October, 1872.

OUR ANIMAL'S HOME

Has not been "patronized" as freely as we had anticipated. Although we have been ready to receive and care for, mercifully kill or secure good homes for all lost or disabled animals, *without charge*, but thirty have been received in the past two months. We hoped the police would send us a large number of unlicensed dogs, as Captain Savage, the Chief, was ready to cooperate with us. But in this we have been disappointed. Then we supposed there were many persons who had old, disabled or troublesome animals, which they would be glad to have disposed of, and would avail themselves of this opportunity. In Philadelphia, dog-catchers are sent through the streets to gather all unlicensed dogs. By this, twenty-five hundred dogs are received at the "Shelter" in a year.

Our "Home" was established for a humane purpose, and we hope yet to meet with such encouragement as will induce us to continue it. We prefer, of course, to find homes for animals not disabled, and we are glad to give away for such purpose, any dogs or other animals that we may receive. Parties wishing to secure a watch-dog, or pet for their children, can apply at the Home, on Amory Street, Boston Highlands.

HUMANE LITERATURE.—It is very apparent that there is an increasing tendency to introduce humane ideas into books for children and adults. Few works, however, have been published in this country especially devoted to this subject, like the series of Partridge & Co. of London, which we have so often commended. If all American authors would aid this cause by one article each year, a great advantage would be gained, and *if that article should be contributed to "Our Dumb Animals,"* thousands would be grateful! Will the authors accept our gratitude in anticipation?

OUR PRIZES AT N. E. FAIR.—As appears by the report of the committee, the response to our offer of prizes for improvements or inventions tending to lessen cruelty to animals, was not a generous one. But all good efforts are apt to meet with little success at first. But the wide notice of the proposition, and the discussion growing out of it, will, we trust, lead to better results in the future.

ESSAYS.—Several essays on slaughtering and upon insect-eating birds were contributed at the New England Fair, which we shall hope to make public, in part or entire, in our paper or otherwise. They will be valuable contributions to the literature on those subjects.

Quite a number of essays were received too late, and consequently were not examined in competition for the prizes.

LOCAL SOCIETIES.—Parties desiring to form these societies will please write us for forms of procedure. There is no time to be lost; and let no one hesitate because but six persons can be found ready to move.

PRIZE COMMITTEE'S REPORT.

The Committee to award the Prizes offered by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for an exhibition at the New England Fair, at Lowell, of articles calculated to prevent or relieve the suffering of animals, beg leave to make the following report:—

Although liberal inducements were offered, and every effort was made on our part, and by the New England Society, to circulate the information of our intention, by posters distributed throughout the State, and a general notice in the papers, the exhibition was meagre in the extreme, there being but seven regular entries according to the requirements of the New England Society; still, as there are many other articles which were really improvements, and designed to increase the comfort of animals, the Committee have awarded several gratuities.

The awards for offers No. 1, for an Essay on slaughtering cattle, \$25.00, to B. F. Shaw, Cambridge, a gratuity, essay being received too late.

Offer No. 2, for essay on insect-eating birds, see separate report below.

Offer No. 3 was for the best wagon or cart harness for horses. No entry.

No. 4. For the best harness for oxen, as a substitute for the yoke. No entry.

No. 5. For the best breast-plate. No entry.

No. 6. For the best bit. No entry.

No. 7. For the best and cheapest blanket for horses. No entry.

No. 8. For the best horseshoes. The first premium, of \$15, was awarded to the "Goodenough Horseshoe Company," 41 Dey Street, New York, for their improved shoe, and mode of shoeing horses. This system does away with all cutting or paring of the sole and frog of the horse's hoof, and has been adopted by many of the large horse railroad companies in New York City, and is in use by the Metropolitan Horse Railroad in this city. It appears to give perfect satisfaction, and is highly recommended.

A prize of \$10 was awarded to G. W. Corbett, of Boston, for a narrow-web shoe for driving horses, for winter use.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to A. W. Smith, of Manchester, N. H., for his patent shoe, for contracted and flat feet. This shoe appears to have great merit; but, as its construction was unlike anything that the Committee had seen, and Mr. Smith did not present in season testimonials which he afterwards brought forward, it was not considered proper for the Committee to recommend the shoe too strongly.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to J. Johnson, of Lowell, Mass., for an expanding pad for contracted feet.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to T. H. Gill, Fitchburg, Mass., for a collection of interfering and chafing pads for horses' feet.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to W. F. Boyd, of Mansfield, Mass., for his "Patent Bridle Winker," a great improvement—coming into very general use in our large cities, for team horses, and which might be adopted with great advantage for carriage and driving horses.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to G. A. Parker, of Westford, Mass., for his improved horse rackets, an attachment designed for horses' feet, to enable them to travel on swampy ground, without fear of settling into the mud.

No. 9. For the best coop for transporting fowls, the first premium, of \$15, is awarded to N. J. Benjamin, of Erving, Mass., for folding and compartment coop for transporting fowls.

No. 10. For a simple and inexpensive bird-house, a gratuity of \$10 is recommended to T. H. Hinkley, Milton, Mass.

A gratuity of \$10 is recommended to Zinc Collar Pad Company, Buchanan, Michigan, for a zinc chafing-pad for horses' necks.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

H. H. PETERS,
MOSES ELLIS,
C. O. PERKINS,
Committee.

LOWELL, Sept. 4, 1872.

Report of Committee on Insect Eating Birds.

Your Committee, having carefully examined the manuscript essays, five in number, which were presented for the prize offered by the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, would respectfully report, that, while all of them were evidently written with care, and with reference to their practical utility, but one appears to be worthy of the prize offered by the Society, in uniting the greatest amount of useful information, culled from the best and most recent investigations, with the most judicious and practical suggestions, and would cordially recommend that the prize of fifty dollars be awarded to the author, Frank H. Palmer, of Boxford, Mass.

CHAS. L. FLINT,
L. SALTONSTALL,
EDW'D A. SAMUELS,
Committee.

KILLING ANIMALS WITH CHLOROFORM.

Many persons would be glad to know how to kill an animal without suffering, and we venture to give the benefit of our experience. We are constantly called upon to destroy horses, dogs and cats, and have little difficulty in doing it. For horses, we use a large sponge, say six inches in diameter, thoroughly saturated with chloroform, which is dropped into a bag large enough to be drawn over the horse's nose. It is not desirable to have the bag "air-tight"; for, if so, suffocation is likely to ensue. In two or three minutes the horse is unconscious, and in eight to ten minutes dead, without suffering. For dogs and cats a similar process, using a small sponge and bag; or these animals, with the saturated sponge, may be put in a box admitting some air, when they soon "go to sleep." Seventy-five cents' worth of chloroform will kill a horse, and twenty-five a dog or cat. If one saturation of the sponge does not complete the work, repeat it.

COLD BARN.—Before the issue of another paper cold weather will be upon us. Now is the time to repair your barns, that animals shall not suffer during the winter. We are sorry to say that in many towns in Massachusetts there is a sad neglect in this matter, and that, too, by men who call themselves good farmers. They ought to know that their interest, if not their humanity, prompts them to keep the stable warm.

Will our agents look to this matter, and when winter comes on prosecute cases of neglect?

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.—Our paper is still not self-supporting. If kindred societies and friends generally would secure a few subscribers for us, we think they would "get their money's worth," and leave us more means to devote to forwarding the cause in other ways.

At many of the Agricultural Fairs recently, we have distributed, through an agent sent for the purpose, a variety of our documents, hoping to awaken an interest in those who hitherto have been ignorant upon the matter.

BACK NUMBERS of our paper will be sent, *without charge*, to parties in other States who will insure them a thorough circulation.

BOUND VOLUMES of our paper, 1858 to 1872, for sale at two dollars each.

OREGON is moving to establish a kindred society, as appears by a letter in another column.

INVENTORS and manufacturers of articles, contributing to the relief and comfort of animals, will do well to leave a specimen or model at our office for exhibition.

TRANSPORTATION AND SLAUGHTERING.—Evidence of the cruelties in these processes is daily accumulating, and such use will be made of it as will best promote a remedy of the evil.

HORSESHOEING ESSAY.—This valuable work, which we have distributed throughout the State to the horseshoers, will, we hope, awaken an interest in this subject among horse-owners, as well as shoers. Hundreds of horses are ruined by want of knowledge on the part of blacksmiths.

CONNECTICUT AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Repeated appeals, we hope, will induce these States to move. Will some of the parties named in the Act of incorporation of the society in the former State (see another column) take the initiative? New Hampshire has a good law, and much cruelty which will never be checked until a society is formed to enforce it.

CHECK-REIN PAMPHLET.—This little document has accomplished a good purpose by inducing many to abandon the use of the check-rein altogether, and many others to lengthen it.

The Society at Rolle, France, has translated and published this pamphlet for circulation there.

We are still ready to send the document free to any one who will distribute it.

WATERING TROUGHS.—The comfort which these troughs carry to hundreds of animals, and the satisfaction to their thousands of friends, invite us to name the subject in every paper. Any one who has seen the trough on State Street, and those on Beacon and Charles Streets, recently presented to the city by ladies, and the one on the Mill Dam erected by our Society, cannot fail to appreciate their value. We hope this example will be imitated by other people in this and other cities and towns. Every village in the State ought to have public spirit enough to provide so inexpensive a comfort.

SPRINKLING AND WATERING SHEEP.—In our last paper a correspondent inquired if sprinkling sheep while heated would injure their skins. We did not answer his question because we did not have the information. We claim to know something about animals, but that is one of the points never before brought to our attention. Will some "expert" answer?

He also asks if allowing sheep to drink while heated will injure them. We have always supposed that a moderate quantity of water could be given to a heated animal, if kept in motion immediately afterward. The injury to overdriven horses, we suppose, is from allowing them to drink freely and to stand still afterward.

FRUIT, and especially peach-trees, near barns to which hens have free access, are seldom troubled with the borer.

THE Vermont legislature has just organized. The State needs a law and a society.

A CRUEL PRACTICE STOPPED.

Upon our representation that calves, sheep and swine were often trampled to death by being loaded in the same car with cattle, the following order was issued, and so far as we can learn, has been observed.

We wish every railroad in the United States would adopt the same rule.

VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD,
Freight Department.

To AGENTS.

Circular No. 89.

Referring to circular No. 76, in regard to the order of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, forbidding the shipment of sheep, calves or other small stock under larger cattle, in the same car.

This order is imperative, and must be carried out in every instance. Agents will refuse to receive or send forward stock loaded in that way, and will be held responsible for any violations of this rule.

J. W. HOBART,
General Freight Agent.

St. Albans, August 21, 1872.

CRUELTY TO HORSE FLESH.—Several complaints have lately reached Mr. Bergh, from regular passengers by the Boston Express, which arrives at the Grand Central depot at 11.10, P. M., that four horses were compelled to drag two heavy passenger cars down to Twenty-sixth Street, and that the drivers lashed the poor beasts most unmercifully while they tugged and strained at the immense load. Last night, Superintendent Hartfield and officer Evans, of the Society, awaited the arrival of the train, and found the complaints only too true. The train consisted of a baggage and four passenger cars, all heavily laden. To drag this load of many tons, only two teams of four horses each were provided. One team was hitched up to the baggage and one passenger car, and amid the shouts of the drivers, and goaded on by the lash, the poor beasts frantically tried to start the load, but to no purpose. Several other drivers now prepared to use their whips on the willing brutes, but the officers ordered them off, and compelled the employes of the company to unhitch the cars and to supply four horses for every car. This action met with the hearty approval of the passengers, who, however, loudly abused the company for delaying them, by not providing sufficient teams. —*New York Witness.*

[Extract.]

OWNERS EMPLOYING DRUNKEN DRIVERS.

I have seen a man, in his drunken fury, strike his horse repeated blows in the face, with his fist, although the poor animal had done nothing to offend. After having exhausted himself in his drunken passion, the man, if he deserved the name, tumbled his loathsome carcass into his cart, and the faithful horse, the nobler animal of the two, carried him safely home.

Now, I ask, what right had the owner of that horse to put him in the power of such a man? Was he not nearly or quite as much guilty of cruelty to the animal as though he had inflicted the blows himself? And was not the responsibility nearly or quite equal to that of the one who perpetrated the malicious act? "But," some one may say, "probably the owner did not know of the cruel treatment to his horse; or, perhaps, he could not get any other class of men to drive his teams." Then, I say, if he did not know, he ought to know how his animals are treated, and he ought to satisfy himself, by personal observation, that his animals are well cared for; and he cannot shift the responsibility to any one else, especially to a drunken brute, who is not capable of taking care of himself. If no other class of men can be found to drive teams, the owner should drive them himself or let them stand still. But this is not true; sober and industrious men can be found; and if every driver of a team knew, that the very first time he became intoxicated, he would lose his place, I think we should have fewer instances of cruelty to animals, as a consequence of drunkenness.

CASES INVESTIGATED.

BY BOSTON AGENTS, IN SEPTEMBER.

Whole number of complaints, 64: viz., for beating, 7; overloading, 1; driving when lame, 7; driving galled horses, 30; failing to provide proper food, 3; torturing, 4; driving diseased animals, 4; general cruel treatment, 8.

Of the above, there were remedied without prosecution, 30; not found, 3; not sustained, 14; under investigation, 3; prosecuted, 14 (thirteen of which were convicted).

Five animals have been killed, and twenty-five taken from their work, temporarily.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month, appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case, they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Perley Kling, \$10; John M. Way, \$10; Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, \$100; Wm. H. Phinney, 25 cents; Hon. Geo. Cogswell, \$5.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. J. H. Whitman, Mrs. H. S. Wyman, Chas. L. Noble, Mrs. M. A. O. Francis, A. R. Palfrey, Sally Hayward, Josiah Gibson, Mrs. L. Curtis, Susan W. Webb, Sam'l Webb, Dr. Sumner, John Oliver, H. H. McBurney, H. C. Hayden, Mrs. Corey, Adams Ayer, H. E. Jones, J. K. Burrage, H. E. Smith, Geo. Howe, Dr. Hay, Mrs. Mary L. Keith, J. A. Treat, Mrs. Carlos Bates, Mrs. C. Ware, Robbie E. Richardson, Wm. E. Kelley, H. C. Davis, A. S. Hodge, Miss Mary Parker, Geo. W. Chase, P. H. Byram, Miss A. M. Brown, J. H. Flagg, W. B. Atkinson, C. Copeland, Rev. J. C. Bodwell, Geo. O. Smith, D. S. Simonds, James C. Morse, John W. Sargent, Benj. F. Bass, H. M. Field (2), Eastern Express Company, W. F. Trowbridge, John P. Knowles, Oscar Witherell, H. O. Houghton, Eben Snow, Miss Helen Willard (2), Benjamin Howard, Rob't Wood & Co. (2), Mrs. M. A. Koenig, F. D. Brigham, Ralph Hobill, Z. F. Cobb, N. H. Skinner, Albert Pitts, George Houghton, W. P. Litchworth, Mrs. Nath'l Stephens, Robert Farley, E. B. Town, J. R. Gurney, N. C. Poor, Charles Brigham, John B. Chandler, S. H. Allen, A. P. Peabody, Wm. H. Ford, E. Hervey, Caleb L. Ellis, Geo. E. Hatch, E. G. Turner, Benjamin Almy, John A. Hawes, Wm. H. Whitfield, H. S. Shockley, Oliver Buffington, A. W. Peirce, E. J. Sanford, B. P. Witherell, J. P. Swinerton, Salmon Washburn, C. F. Paul, Geo. W. Nye, Urish Sampson, Geo. W. Collins, Edwin Sawtell, B. F. Burgess, S. B. Morse, O. W. Meriam, Wm. E. Hunt, Mrs. T. Bigelow, A. S. Walker, Frank O. Wellington, Mrs. N. T. Smith, Philadelphia Society (2).

FINES.

From Justices Courts:—Lexington, 2 cases, \$20; Belchertown, \$10; Falmouth, \$5; Wrentham, \$15; Andover, \$10; Saugus, \$1; Rockport, \$10; Wrentham, two cases, \$25.
Police Courts:—Cambridge, 2 cases, \$30; Gloucester, \$15.
Municipal Court:—Boston, 2 cases, \$15. Witness fees, \$21.05.

HARNESS FOR OXEN.—We hoped our offer at N. E. Fair would bring out a harness as a substitute for the heavy yoke now used on oxen. We have seen somewhere a description of such a harness, and shall try to find it for republication.

There is no apparent reason why oxen cannot be harnessed as well as horses, and we beg some enterprising harness-maker to try his hand as such an improvement.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" seems an odd name for a periodical, but we have acquired such a liking for the Boston monthly, so called, that we forget this trifle in our admiration of its contents. It is always full of pleasant, humane and practical things. One of its correspondents writes: "We have a family of 'chipping birds' which come regularly, three or four times a day, to our back-door for supplies, which we furnish them. They are very tame, and do not hesitate to walk in at the door. We are largely paid by their pleasant notes." This reminds us of one of the little side shows at the late New England Fair in this city, where a little German bird showman from New York had on exhibition half a dozen rare tropical birds, of splendid plumage, and trained to respond to the call of their names, and to perform a variety of tricks which kept a crowd convulsed with wonder and merriment whenever a ring of spectators was formed—which was pretty often.—*Ipswich Citizen and News.*

Children's Department.

FAITHFUL "BRISK."

[From "Children's Friend."]

As once I wandered through the woods
On a bright summer day,

When all the leaves were fresh and green,
And all the birds were gay,

Within a glade, half hid in shade,
A little girl I found;
A dog crouched by her as she sat
Upon a grassy mound.

"My dear, you seem to love that dog,"
I said unto the child,
"And he seems quite as fond of you,"—
She raised her head, and smiled.

Round the dog's neck she twined her arms,
And thus she made reply,—
While she was speaking I could see
A tear start in her eye,—

"Oh! I do love my dog! I hope
We ne'er shall parted be;
You'd love him, too, if you but knew
What once he did for me.

"When I was but a little child,—
Four years ago, I think,—
I wandered from my nurse, and went
Down to the river's brink.

"I fell into a deep, deep pool,
And I should have been drowned
Had not dear 'Brisk' been close
at hand,
And heard the splashing sound.

"He ran and jump'd into the stream
And drew me out half dead,
Then barked until the servants came,
And took me home to bed.

"So now you know why I love
'Brisk,'
And why dear 'Brisk' loves me,
And why I hope that he and I
May never parted be."

ADEL SUNNYSIDE

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

CRUEL BOYS.

As I was walking, one cold, rainy day last winter, in the suburbs of Boston, my attention was attracted by several boys, about eight or nine years of age, who seemed to be greatly pleased about something; while several girls, of the same age, standing near, seemed distressed and indignant, and were asking the boys to stop.

Upon closer examination, I saw that the object of all this amusement and distress was a very small tortoise-shell kitten, completely covered and dripping with mud and water, and struggling in vain to get away from the boys, who were abusing it shamefully.

The poor little thing cried piteously, and looked up at her tormentors beseechingly, as if to ask, "What harm have I ever done you that you should abuse me so?"

I took the kitten out of their hands, and asked the girls what the boys had been doing with it. The boys answered for them: "Ha'n't done nothin' to it." One of the girls broke out indignantly, "Yes they have; they've been trying to drown it in t' at

FAITHFUL "BRISK."



mud-puddle, and swinging it 'round by it's neck, and slapping it, and—and they're the meanest, hatefulest boys I ever saw, so!"—and the little girl broke quite down with crying.

"Well, young gentlemen," said I, "you won't have her to abuse any more." I was walking off with the kitten, when one of the boys cried out: "Here, you! a lady gave me that cat, and I'm going to have her." "She, certainly, did not give her to you to abuse, and I shall keep her myself."

The boys offered no resistance, probably because they saw it would do no good. I folded the kitten under my cloak, and, talking to it as I would to a child, carried it home in the rain. I think that kitten appreciated those words of kindness, for she stopped her trembling, and looked up in my face with an expression which said plainly, "I know you'll not hurt me."

I wonder if those boys went home feeling just right. When their mothers tucked them each in bed, with a kiss and a murmured prayer for her darling, I hope they thought of the little kitten they had abused; and resolved in their hearts never again to be cruel to any of God's creatures. Remember, boys, He sees it all.

F.

A BRIGHT DOG,
And a Foolish Master.

A shepherd once, to prove the quickness of his dog, who was lying before the fire in the house in which we were talking, said to me, in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, "I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes." Though he purposely laid no stress on these words, and said it in a quiet, unconcerned tone of voice, the dog, who appeared to be asleep, immediately jumped up, leaped through an open window, and scrambled up the turf roof of the house, from which he could see the potatoe field. He then (not seeing the cow there) ran and looked into the barn where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house. After a short time the shepherd said the same words again, and the dog repeated his ~~last~~ out; but on the false alarm being a third time given, the dog got up, wagged his tail, and looked his master in the face with so comical an expression of interrogation, we could not help laughing aloud at him, on which, with a slight growl, he laid himself down in his own warm corner, with an offended air, as if determined not to be made a fool of again.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. Magnitude is not value.

LAZY JIM WARNER.

"Oh, dear!" said lazy Jim Warner,
"If I could sit under a tree,
Or sit in the chimney corner,
Eating a pie, like little Jack Horner,
What a lucky young chap I'd be!
There's the cat and the dog,
And the ant and the frog,
And the bird and the bee,
All so happy and free,
With nothing to do but to play;
While I must learn, each day,
To read and to spell,
Which you know very well
Is awful hard work for me."

"Mew! mew!" said the cat, "you know better;
Of rats I, this day, have caught five."
"Bow wow!" said old Bruno, the setter,
"I know what work means, to the letter."
"Buz! buz!" said the bee in the hive.
Yes, the cat and the dog,
And the ant and the frog,
And the bird and the bee,
Are all busy, you see,
And do their work thorough and well.
So don't give up learning to spell,
Jimmy Warner, I pray,
But study each day;
Then see what a scholar you'll be.

[Communicated.]

A CAT SAVED MY RABBITS.

One day, in passing the ruins of a house which had been burned, my father saw a cat, nearly starved, and mewing piteously. Taking her into the carriage, he brought her home and gave her to me, with the injunction to feed her and take good care of her. She soon became contented in her new home, and strongly attached to the family, showing her affection in many different ways. Some time after this, I was presented with a pair of rabbits, and pussy was soon made to understand that they were something which belonged to me, and with which she must not meddle; and she never, to my knowledge, so far forgot herself as to enter the pen. One morning, she came into the house, apparently in the greatest distress, and by running towards the door, and then towards me, gave me to understand that something was wrong. Upon my following her out, she led me directly to the rabbit pen, from which there jumped a strange cat, who evidently had intended to breakfast upon the young rabbits. My faithful cat, evidently feeling she had no right to go into the pen to drive out the intruder, had done the best she could towards protecting my property.

A BIRD STEPMOTHER.—While living South, in the summer of 1868, there was a school-house about one hundred yards in front of my dwelling, and between that and our house was an orchard.

There is in the South a species of birds called cat-birds, and I believe they are known in the East as the Northern Mocking Bird.

A pair of cat-birds had built a nest in one of the peach trees near one of the front windows, and my wife took great delight in watching them through incubation and feeding the young. My little boy was taught not to molest them, and he felt great pride in having his bird's nest. One day a bad boy from the school began to throw stones at the birds; my son told him not to hurt his bird, but the stone struck the female bird and killed it. There was considerable fuss made in the school about it afterward.

My wife felt grieved about the young birds, and watched them and the male bird—the father of a nest full of unfledged, motherless birds. During that afternoon the widowed bird sent forth his plaintive call for his mate repeatedly, and seemed very disconsolate. The next morning he was very industrious in feeding his young, until about ten o'clock, when he flew away and was gone about two hours, when he returned with another female bird of the same tribe. She took a survey of affairs, and hopped around on the tree. The male bird poured forth several snatches of his sweetest melodies, when she flew away, and in a few minutes returned with food in her beak, and fed the young birds; and from that time till they could fly, she was a faithful stepmother to them.—*Phrenological Journal.*

SAGACITY OF A BIRD.—In the museum of Brown University, at Providence, R. I., is a curiosity in the shape of a bird's nest. Aside from its ingenious construction as a swinging nest, partly suspended by strings and cords carefully woven into the nest and around the slender branch which holds it, another evidence of the builder's sagacity is given. As the young birds grew, and the nest daily became heavier, the mother bird saw that the slender twig, about the thickness of a pipe-stem, to which it was attached, could not support it much longer, so she made it secure by fastening a stout cord about it, and passing the end around a stout limb above, which steadied it and made it safe.

A HARTFORD BOY, named Manion, threw a turtle out of Case, Lockwood & Brainard's building, and paid an expressman ten dollars for damage it did to his wagon. He says that some of the boys in the building had covered the turtle with turpentine, and then set him on fire. The turtle suffered intensely, went round the room very rapidly, and it was to save the building from catching fire that the boy threw it out the window.

LEARNING makes a man fit company for himself.

FEEDING THE COW.

Slowly along the shaded lane,
Cropping the grass from side to side,
Here comes the pretty brindle cow,
Home, at eventide.

She stops at the garden gate and calls—
"Oh run, little boy! and bring to me
Some of those apples, round and ripe,
I see lying under the tree."

Little golden head his apron fills,
With the ruddy apples, juicy and sweet,
Brindle loves to take with her long, rough tongue
From his dimpled hand and eat.

Tiptoe he stands with eager face,
Holding his bulging apron tight;
As she gently takes the apple he gives,
He laughs with fresh delight.

And now she has eaten the very last,
And "just one more," and "one little one more;"
Then he waits and watches her as she walks
Through the open barnyard door.

It was years ago,—yet I often see,
When the summer's day is nearly done,
My baby boy feeding the pretty cow
In the light of the setting sun.

—Mrs. Richard Grant White.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HORSES.

Fire horses have a distinct character. They are selected for their size, strength and intelligence, and are trained to their duties as fire horses, with as much care as firemen are trained, and, like men, they show different degrees of intelligence. Some horses will learn their business in three or four days, others will take as many months. The first thing a fire horse has to learn—assuming that he is already trained to draw any vehicle to which he may be attached—is to take his place at the engine, or tender, as the case may be, every time the telegraph signal-bell strikes, all ready to be hitched up and start off. This the horses learn to do with astonishing speed and correctness. Any person who has ever been in an engine-house of the fire department when the bell struck, must have been astonished and pleased with the manner in which the horses performed their duty. When the bell strikes, the horses instantly back out of their stalls and trot to their respective stations, each horse taking his proper place. Their harness being already on, it has only to be secured to the engine, and the horses are already to start. It only requires from fourteen to twenty seconds from the time the bell strikes for men and horses to be already to go, and the horses are as eager for a start as the men.

Horses are naturally afraid of fire; but the horses of the fire department become accustomed to it, and exhibit no fear whatever. They will approach so close to a burning building that the heat almost singes their hair, and yet show no signs of fear. They decidedly like to run to fires, and have never been known to help themselves to anything except hay. The overcoming of the horse's dread of fire furnishes new evidence of how animals can be trained to the will of man.

UNWHOLESOME FOOD.—The inspectors of the markets, and several eminent physicians agree that great injury is done to the health of cities by the character of the meat sold in them. One of the primary causes of spoiled meat is the unhealthy condition of cattle brought long distances in crowded, unventilated cars, without food or refreshment. We will not dwell upon the consequences. They are obvious enough to any one who reflects upon them. Nobody would eat the meat of a fevered, bruised creature that had actually died from those causes; but many are only saved from so dying by having their flickering lives ended by the axe of the butcher.

HOW TO DRIVE A HORSE.

Young man, I see you are about to take a drive this morning, and will offer you some advice. Your horse is restive and wants to be off before you are ready; you may as well break him of this now as at any other time, and hereafter you will find it has been a half hour well spent. Just give me the reins, while you put your foot on the step, as if to get in; the horse makes a move to go; I tighten the reins and say "whoa." Now put your foot on the step again; the horse makes another move; I hold the reins and speak to him again. The horse is getting excited. Pat him a little on the neck, and talk to him soothingly. Put your foot on the step again, and repeat this process until the horse will stand still for you to get in, and adjust yourself in your seat, and tell him to go. A few such lessons will train him so that he will always wait for your order before starting.

Now, as your horse has just been fed, drive him at a very gentle pace for the first two or three miles, until he warms up and his body becomes lighter. But, before you start, let me show you how to hold the reins. Take them in your left hand, have them of equal length from the bit, and to cross each other in your hand, the off side one resting on your first finger, the other on the fourth finger, the back of the hand upwards. Now, in guiding the horse, you have only to use the wrist joint, which will direct him either right or left, as you wish. Keep your hand steady, with a gentle pressure on the bit—no jerking or switching of the reins. If more speed is wanted, take the whip in your right hand, to be gently used for that purpose; be careful not to apply it any harder than is necessary to bring him up to the required speed.

Speak to him soothingly, and intimate, in the most gentle manner, what you want him to do, and he will try to do it. So noble an animal should not be handled roughly, nor over-driven.

When you return, have the harness removed at once, and the horse rubbed down with a wisp of straw or hay. Give him a bite of straw or hay, and let him cool off before being watered or fed. Every one who handles a horse, or has anything to do with one, should in the first place cultivate his acquaintance; let him know that you are his friend, and prove it to him by your kind treatment; he needs this to inspire confidence, and when that is gained, he is your humble servant.

If your horse gets frightened at any unusual sight or noise, do not whip him, for if you do he will connect the whipping with the object that alarmed him, and be afraid of it ever after. If he merely shies at an object, give him time to examine it, which, with some encouraging words from the driver, will persuade him to pass it. You get frightened, too, sometimes, and would not like to be whipped for it.—*Stock Journal.*

BALKY HORSES.—The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one thought at a time; for this reason continued whipping is out of the question, and only confirms his stubborn resolve. But if you can by any means change the direction of his mind, and give him a new subject to think of, nine times out of ten you will have no trouble in starting him.

A simple and cheap remedy is to take a couple of turns of wrapping twine, such as grocers use, around the foreleg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel, and tie in bow knot. At the first cluck he will generally go dancing off, and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string, to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

The first lesson in this simple process was on Lexington; subsequent experience has proved its utility when applied to balky horses.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

WHEN boys drive the cows to and from the pasture, on a run, or yell at, or beat them while milking, they not only do the cows, but the owner of the cows, a damage.

A GRAIN of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

MAD DOGS.

We call attention to the measures recommended by the Council of Hygiene of Bordeaux for protecting the people against the dangers of hydrophobia:—A short time, sometimes two days, after the madness has seized the dog, it creates disturbances in the usual conditions of the animal, which it is indispensable to know. 1. There is agitation and restlessness; the dog turns himself continually in his kennel. If he be at liberty, he goes and comes, and seems to be seeking something; then he remains motionless, as if waiting; he starts, bites the air, seems as if he would catch a fly, and dashes himself, barking and howling, against the wall. The voice of his master dissipates these hallucinations; the dog obeys, but slowly, with hesitation, as with regret. 2. He does not try to bite; he is gentle, even affectionate, and he eats and drinks; but he gnaws his litter, the ends of the curtains, the padding of cushions, the coverlids of beds, the carpets, etc. 3. By the movement of his paws about the sides of his open mouth, one might think he was wishing to free his throat of a bone. 4. His voice has undergone such a change that it is impossible not to be struck by it. 5. The dog begins to fight with other dogs; this is decidedly a characteristic sign, if the dog be of a peaceful nature. The numbers 3, 4 and 5 indicate an already very advanced stage of the disease, and the time is at hand when man will be exposed to the dangerous fits of the animal, if immediate measures be not taken. These measures are to chain him up as dangerous, or, better still, to destroy him. After having accepted this advice, the Council has desired that it should be inserted at least once a year in a public paper.—*British Medical Journal*.

SHOCKING CRUELTY IN BUFFALO.—If the mule that was standing in front of the Police Headquarters on Thursday last was a specimen of the animals used on the canal, (and it was said that there were over 500 in the same condition,) then I say God-speed to the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who, by their energy and decision, are attempting a reform in this matter.

The animal in question was in a truly pitiable condition; emaciated to a degree that he could hardly move. The collar, which had not been removed for weeks, had sunk into the ulcerated and rotten flesh, so that when it was removed the bones were laid bare, showing a hole more than one foot in length and nearly the same in breadth. Even the most hardened person could not bear the sight of the suffering creature without exclaiming, "Great God! can it be possible such cruelties are common?" yet the poor brute, with another equally as bad, had just been taken from a boat, which, together, they had tugged from Albany.

All honor to the Society for its noble work; if funds are wanting, let them be poured without stint into the treasury. That one poor mule has created more friends for the Society than a hundred appeals.—*Com. Buffalo Express*.

NECESSITY OF GREEN FOOD TO FOWLS.—The first requisite in the shape of diet is a regular supply of green food. Here, again, fowls kept on grass will need no attention; but, for birds penned up, the daily provision of it is an absolute necessity, though most beginners are ignorant of it. We well remember, in our own early experience, how our fowls died, we could not at first tell why; and one fine buff Cochins cock, whose only fault was a strong yulture hook, was, in particular, greatly regretted. An experienced friend let us into the secret; and after that we had no difficulty in keeping fowls, even where it is often said they cannot be kept in health, viz., in a yard paved with large flag-stones. The best substitute for natural grass is a large fresh turf thrown in daily to each four or five hens; and even in towns it is often possible to procure this, by giving children a few pence every week to keep up a regular supply. Where turf is not allowed to be taken, grass may be cut or pulled; but in this case must be cut into green chaff with shears or a chaff machine. The latter plan is how we actually managed for years in a yard only 68 by 35 feet, divided into six pens; paying some child a few pence to bring fresh-cut grass daily, cutting it up and mixing it with their soft meat.—*Et.*

[Correspondence.]

PORTLAND, OREGON, Sept. 20, 1872.

Rejoice! Oregon will soon be provided with a law similar to that of your own. The bill has passed to the third reading in the House, and I hope to notify you within a few days of its complete passage. I will at once take steps to organize a society. Please forward a copy of your by-laws. I have the Constitution of your society, which, with slight alteration, will be what we want. I have been informed that your society publish illustrated maps, suitable for school-rooms and public places. If so, please forward a sample copy. Yours truly, W. T. SHANAHAN.

"HO! YE THAT THIRST."—A proposition was made some weeks or months ago to give some public testimonial of approval of Mr. Bergh's labors of kindness toward animals. A correspondent asks: "What has become of the proposal? and what has become of the money?" Neither of which questions are we able to answer. If we remember aright, it was proposed to erect a monument, and the cost of it was to be paid by ladies exclusively; neither of which propositions strikes us as judicious. We know of no good reason why men should not be permitted, as well as women, to bear their testimony to Mr. Bergh's worth. Mr. Bergh, moreover, deserves something better than a mere monument,—something that should be useful as well as ornamental, and something that should commemorate the peculiar character of his public services. A drinking fountain would be a most significant memorial of such a man; or, better still, half a dozen or a dozen of them, to be called and inscribed "Bergh Fountains." They need not be of great cost; and whatever money has been or may be raised, that honor be done to Mr. Bergh, will be far better expended in a number of memorials, modest but useful, and to be used in a way that would be a constant reminder of the nature of his public services, than if the whole sum were spent in one single work, however fitting.

We make the suggestion to those who have the work of the testimonial in hand; and, meanwhile, we should like to know who they are.—*New York Paper*.

A MOTHER of a little girl, six years of age, at Huguenot, N. Y., hearing screams, rushed to the sitting-room and discovered her child enveloped in flames, and an English bull-dog, tearing her burning garments off her with his paws and teeth. He had already taken over half of her clothing off, and, it is believed, had he been left alone, he would have saved the little girl's life. The mother, crazed at the sight, rushed forward and clasped her child to her bosom, and held her close, thus baffling the efforts which the faithful dog made, although singed and burned dreadfully himself, to tear off the clothing. The girl was burned to death, and the mother fearfully burned. The dog, that exhibited more than human sagacity in its efforts to save the child, had been her constant companion, having been raised with her. Since the burial of the child occurred, he wanders from room to room as if searching for her, uttering a plaintive whine, expressive of his grief. He takes no food, and it is believed that he will pine to death.

LAWRENCE.—A few days ago, while two boys, sons of Mr. Robert Christie of the Washington Mills, were fishing in the Shawshen river, one of them caught a fish, and as he was drawing it out of the water it fell from the hook; the little fellow, anxious to secure his prize, reached out his hand to grasp the fish, and in doing so fell into the river. His brother plunged in to rescue him, but the water being deep, both sank. A fine Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Christie, which had accompanied the boys, seeing the state of affairs, sprang into the water, and seizing the youngest boy, carried him safe to the bank, then sprang in again and assisted the elder to regain terra firma. That dog deserves the medal of the humane society.—*American*.

AN anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, should not be indulged in.

CONNECTICUT SOCIETY.

The following Act was passed by the legislature of Connecticut, a year ago, of which no notice reached us until recently. The society has never been organized. It ought to be, and we beg that some one will move.

AN ACT INCORPORATING THE ASSOCIATION FOR PREVENTING CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Resolved by this Assembly: SEC. 1. That Richard S. Ely, Henry C. Beckwith, Charles M. Pond, H. W. Conklin, David Clark, S. R. McNary, Henry C. Robinson, Samuel C. Colt and Richard D. Hubbard, of Hartford, Daniel C. Gilman and George H. Watrous, of New Haven, Ephraim H. Hyde, of Stafford, Edward W. Seymour, of Litchfield, William D. Bishop, of Bridgeport, William A. Buckingham and George Pratt, of Norwich, George A. Fay, of Meriden, Aaron G. Pease, of Middletown, William P. Burrill, of Salisbury, William W. Billings, of New London, Frederick W. Russell, of Wethersfield, and their associates and successors, be, and they are hereby incorporated as a body politic and corporate, under the name of the Association for Preventing Cruelty to Animals, with power to hold estate, real and personal, to sue and be sued, to defend and be defended; they may elect a president and such other officers and agents as they shall deem necessary; they may make and carry into effect, all necessary rules, regulations, and by-laws for the organization and conduct of their affairs: provided, said rules and by-laws be not inconsistent with the laws and constitution of the State.

SEC. 2. The corporators herein named, may make rules and laws for the association of new members in their organization.

SEC. 3. This corporation shall be located at the city of Hartford, and shall hold an annual meeting on the first Tuesday of each December.

SEC. 4. The first meeting of the association may be called by Henry C. Beckwith and Richard S. Ely, by giving five days' notice to the other corporators, of the time and place of meeting.

SEC. 5. The purpose of this association is to promote general humanity and kindness in the care and treatment of animals, by information, statistics, appropriate literature, and by any and all other lawful means which they may think wise and best, and by assisting in the prosecution of crimes of a cruel and inhuman nature, and generally to encourage the proper treatment of inferior kinds of living creatures, and to discourage injustice and cruelty to them.

SEC. 6. The police force of the several cities, and the constables of the several towns within this State, shall, as occasion may require, aid the society, its members or agents, in the enforcement of all laws which are now, or may hereafter be enacted for the protection of dumb animals.

SEC. 7. One-half the fines collected through the instrumentality of the society, or of its agents, for the violation of such laws, shall accrue to the benefit of said society.

Approved, June 22, 1871.

QUARRELING.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peacefully and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

THOUGH sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair stops a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us.

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